

10/14/91

Perhaps because after 78 years there is so much of which I can be reminded that I am reminder of so much so often. In reading Irving Bernstein's I think excellent "Promises Kept," his response to the revisionist campaign against the JFK presidency, I came to the chapter "The Peace Corps." That reminded me of how I got it its first good ~~xxx~~ publicity break. While I am fairly certain I have mentioend some aspectsof this in recent years I am not certain that it is either all in one place or fairly complete.

One of my customers when I farmed was John Bach, who worked in the Agency for International Development. He and his wife and a beautiful row house on I think 31 St., NW, the north-and-south street just east of Wisconsin Ave., as I now remember. It was right next to the C & O canal on its north side. In the hosue next to their's I and another customer whose name I now do not remember. He was an Austrian stonecarver and had for years been one of the carvers working on the Washington Cathedral, Wisconsin and Mass. Avenues.

Inevitably some of my earlier deliveries when I farmed coincided with customers having or finishing breakfast and not infrequently I was invited to have coffee with them. One morning when I was having coffee with the Bachs we got to talking about U.S. aid programs. I was [^]critical of some because I believed they could not succeed and would result in frustrations. I explained to Bach how futile it was to spend all the money spent on teaching those who would return to primitive lands to understand and operate modern animal feed mills where they was no prospect of being able to use this knowledge if at all for many years. In the course of explaining to Bach that the correct approach we should take is by returning to our own primitive earlier days and teaching the peoples of these desparately poor emerging countries how to preserve food without refringeration, h^o to make use of what otherwise is waste, things like that. On this latter I told Bach we should be sending geese to some of the poor but non-desert countries because they can susbist entirely on weeds even if they do not thrive on this diet as they do when well fed. And from the weeds, if ineffeciently, also virtually without cost, they'd produce protein.

The argument impressed Bach. I do not now recall exactly how we decided that I should propose this to the Peace Corps then just getting started but he did hand me or take me to his phone and that early morning I phoned it. It just happened that the person who answered the phone, probably because the switchboard had not yet opened and his phone was one that had to have an outside connection 24 hours a day, was a man in the information office, I suppose a former reporter. He right away fell in ~~thexix~~ love with the idea, seeing its story possibilities.

I no longer recall who in the Corps arranged it ^{4/} but it was arranged for the geese to be delivered by plane from what then was known as Idlewild airport, later JFK, in New York. The Corp would pick the country, the Heifer Project of the Church of the Brethern would

take care of the plane, and I would get the geese to the airport.

While all the deliberations and decisions were being made I wrote a manual on raising geese, there being none of which I knew, and geese not being treated as chickens were and having their own characteristics.

I decided on my breeding flock, an excellent flock, of "hite" China geese on the simple basis they were more prolific and less inclined toward monogamy. Because I thought it would be good to get others involved in simple and not really necessary ways I arranged for my feed supplier to provide the Turkey wire that would be used for shipping crates I designed and for the students in a Frederick high school shop class to make them. Turkey wire ~~was~~ is a stiff mesh that is quite strong. I specified a one-inch mesh for greater strength and to eliminate the possibility that a goose's neck would go through it and get caught. And although I had a truck and handled crate of geese by myself, I arranged for a local moving company, rather a Frederick one (we then lived south of Frederick, near and almost in Hyattstown), Meadows Van and Storage, to truck the geese from our farm to the small Frederick airport. To get it involved in the favorable publicity I arranged with the local Civil Air Patrol to fly the crates to New York.

(I'd had other and good dealings with the CAP Easterns. We ^{came} used to segregate all the double-yolk goose eggs, which do not hatch, I'd would hardboil them, I'd take half to Washington's Children's Hospital, then at 113 and W Sts., NW, for the kids there, and I arranged through Dave Stickle, at Baltimore's WMAR-TV, Channel 2, for him and a camera crew to meet the plane at Baltimore ^{airport}, film it, and take the eggs to Kernan's Children's Hospital. Washington's WRC-TV, Channel 4, used to cover the wonderful time the sick kids had with those to them monstrous eggs, and that is how I got to be friends with Ron Nessen, later Ford's press secretary and now head of Mutual News. He covered it and - think he respected my refusal to be involved in the pictures because I did not want to exploit the project and preferred that all the pictures be of the kids. I did not then know that Ron had a small boy dying of a Wilms tumor but he brought the kid up ^{to the farm} and made some of his last days happier.)

The day selected for the shipment of these geese was rainy and nasty. I followed the truck to the Frederick airport in my own truck. Fortunately! Because the weather was not fit for flying from the Frederick airport in a small plane. So, when the plane could not be used, I persuaded Meadows to truck the crates to New York. They were quite willing and did, getting the benefit of good international publicity. Which got started this way:

The man handing this project in the Peace Corps information office, the one who'd answered to phone, told Martha Cole, then an AP Washington reporter, about this thing of a real dirt farmer wanting to help poorer people who were strangers to him, she wrote the story, and in so doing dubbed the project, "Geese for Peace." Catchy and the media got interested in it.

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The defunct Washington Star, which then owned Channel 7, page-one'd the story and Channel 7 sent a camer~~a~~ crew and reporter up. They made a big thing of this human-inter-est story a few days before the scheduled shipping. The weather then was abominable. Pre-cop had frozen and the ground was like mounds of ice in that hilly area. And as it happens someone who'd seen the ~~in~~ pictures on Channel 7 ~~decided~~ decided he'd like those geese. So ~~we~~ were stolen. I was giving my entire flock so I had no replacements for them. Then I remembered a wealthy Washingtonian to whom I'd sold some to turn loose on his farm about 15 miles away, I phoned him, he gave me permission to replace what had been stolen, told his farm had to help me, and I drove down to the Poolesville area to get them.

But as usual~~y~~ they lived outside. It was not only icy - I was then having a painful lumbosacral attack from a 1939 injury. What a struggle! But eventually I caught what I needed. (The humane way to catch geese, by the way, is by the neck. And when they bite they hurt and break the skin with their serrated mandibles. So I used something like a shepherd's crook to hook them by the neck. A struggle always but more under those conditions, *especially the icy surface.*

We had no sooner left for the airport with the crated geese when the phone at home started to ring. I told the papers that we'd left for the airport and then the phone started ringing there. Small airport, small building, no passenger service. Well, once the Meadows truck started for New York I drove home. The phone never stopped ringing all day. Papers like the NYTimes has people watching for the truck as it proceeded to New York, radio and TV stations covered the progress, etc. *I was much in the news!*

As it turned out, internationally. (At the next annual chicken festival some of the larger and wealthier breeders and feed dealers told me about seeing my picture on the front pages abroad, I remember one in particular said as soon as he got off the boat, *in Italy.*)

It had been decided to give the geese to the tiny island of St. Lucia, in the West Indies. Also shipped were some incubators considerably better and more modern than mine. I had a friend who had a much larger operations and hatched his own *chickens* eggs. When he got new and larger incubators he gave me the ones replaced and they also went to St. Lucia.

In addition to the handbook on goose husbandry I had directions on each crate, to keep the family within the crate together for breeding purposes. But as I later learned, someone in St. Lucia had a different idea. They divided the to them strange creatures as I recall by giving one or two to individual famdrs. They did not know the difference between a male and a female~~y~~ and with this species often the only obvious means of determining is behavioral. The males are generally larger but they look the same in all ways.

So, the first reports back were that there were indeed goose eggs but few or no goslings. If the eggs are not fertile off course they do not hatch and *if* the goose and ~~gander~~ *gander* are not close to each other and interested or if there is no gander around the eggs can't be ~~fertile~~ *fertile*.

The publicity led to many requests, some virtual demands, of which I have a fairly clear recollection of one from India, and with either the Peace Corps, the Heifer Project or both it was decided that I'd give most of my flock of Emden geese, much larger and less prolific than the Chinas, to a young American school teacher from ^{Dakota} Montana ^{or North} for his work in as I recall Liberia. His name is Marshall Johnson and on his return he visited us and told us fascinating stories I wish I'd recorded about his experiences once he got the geese. *(Tape recorder not common then.)*

My next project was with Ghana, when Kwame Nkrumah was president.

There have been interruptions, it is now close to suppertime, so I return to the Peace Corps. After the initial publicity it found so helpful and so exciting it just happened that I had a delivery to make in the Maiatico Building in which its offices were, at the beginning of Connecticut Ave., NW, at H, on the NW corner. I went into the building with the carrier in which I carried the dressed ^{and eggs} poultry, got onto the elevator, made the delivery, returned to the elevator, and when I got off on the ground floor someone was waiting for me. Apparently I had been recognized from the ^{pic} picture by someone who told Sergeant Shriver that I was in the building. I was asked to accompany this person to Shriver's office. He gave me a warm greeting, sat me down, and started asking me questions. He was like a coiled spring, full of energy, and mostly as I now recall he paced back and forth behind his desk. After we'd spoken for a while, after he'd asked me to go to work for him and I declined, he spoke to someone on the phone and then, after a few minutes, told me he'd like some of his people to speak to me. He took me to the room in which they were gathered, introduced me to them, and said, more or less in these words, that I had declined to go to work for them but I had the best ideas he'd come across and he wanted them to pick my brains. He then thanked me again, offered his hand, and left.

These were some of his top people, each from a different component. I've never met a duller, more unimaginative group in my life. All they could see was negatives and their minds could not accept anything else. I got the impression, fortified when they referred to their ~~past~~ pasts, that these men had gotten as high as they could expect in other agencies and had transferred to the Peace Corps hoping to advance further. I hope they didn't! To them, nothing must ever change in any way. If they had not heard of something in their past work it could not be any good at all. To them. I left as soon as I could. ...

I've forgotten the organization with which Marshall Johnson worked. It was not the Peace Corps. Probably a religious group. (I think I said that he was from Montana. I think it was probably North Dakota.) I've also forgotten how many geese I gave him but it was probably several crates of them, all of my breeding stock. (When I liquidated the farm all the other breeders save one went to an NIH farm where they were to live their lives out well cared for in return for which they would give blood from time to time. The one exception I gave to local Ft. Detrick where it was to have the same continuing life as a blood donor.)

I wish it had been possible to tape Marshall's account that he gave us after he returned to the U.S. and visited us. I do recall that he had the crates of geese on his truck and was driving deep into the hinterland where cannibalism was not entirely unknown and where roads were sometimes imagined. The Arabs were traders and better off and when they saw the geese they saw a status symbol, so whenever he stopped he got fancy offers for a goose. He accepted none.

He took some to a native village. The first problem he had was the custom of providing visitors with a young woman. Rejecting her would have been regarded as an insult, at the least to the chief. He managed somehow.

Marshall considered East African native art superior to that of West Africa. He gave us at least one carved wood sculpture and a carved shoehorn with a long handle and several goatskin bags like shopping bags. Perhaps a few other things I do not remember. ...

I believe it is I who decided that our next gift would be to Ghana. There was no objection from the State Department but also no help, either, and a bit of perhaps unintended sabotage. Ghana and Nkrumah were then much in the news but as of then there was no violence in the news. Before long there was, leading to an abrupt change in State's attitude.

When Nkrumah got the offer he told his ambassador, a wonderful, wise, urbane and very warm man named Ribeiro, to come take a look at what he, really his country, was being offered. Ribeiro phoned and then came with his adopted daughter, Elizabeth, native name Kabbibush (phon) and a U St. photographer. My offer included Emden geese and our Rouen Ducks, so named after the area of France in which these originally wild Mallards had been bred to large and flightless size. I ~~had~~ ^{had} inbred a sport of a colorful pompom of small and colorful feathers that appeared on the head of one. President Eisenhower was much taken by them and wanted some for his Gettysburg farm. I'll try to remember to recall that separately sometime.

Two things coincided, Ribeiro's return from Ghana with word that Nkrumah was very much taken by the ducks and the Ghanaians started burning U.S. installations. I recall that the USIA was torched. So, there was suddenly no help on the shipping.

Not to worry, Ribeiro told me when he came up, driven by his Washingtonian chauffeur, Sam, who carried a rather large cardboard box into our house. When I opened it there was, among the various bottles, mostly champagne, one that was chilled. I got the idea and he, Sam, Lil and I consumed it while we talked.

Ribeiro would make arrangements with PanAmerican for the shipment, Sam would come and pick it up and drive it to Idlewild, and ~~he~~ ^{Ribeiro} would have returned to Ghana to be there to take the crate to Nkrumah, who had decided that the proper place for those beautiful birds was the presidential grounds.

State^t, with attitudes beginning to change when the possibilities of the coincidence of the gift with the turbulence began to dawn^u on its people, sent a photographer to take pictures. Somehow, we were told, he managed not to have a single one come out.

State suddenly saw that it could benefit from flooding Africa with this news of the thoughtfulness and kindness of an American farmer wanting to be of some little help to Africa. But it had no pictures. Again, Ribeiro said not to worry. He improvised a reception at the embassy for Lil and me to which he invited the proper State brass and he had this same black professional photographer there, the pictures did come out, he gave them to State, and State flooded Africa with them.

It was in a morning and there were just snacks and a few drinks. It happened that day was my birthday. When Ribeiro found this out he was apologetic. If he'd known he'd have had more appropriate refreshments.

We got to be friends and visited back and forth a bit.

Ribeiro was in Ghana when the plane landed and he did, personally, deliver those ducks to Nkrumah, who was quite please. He autographed a color picture of himself in native dress to us and directed Ribeiro to take it to our farm and give it to us personally with Nkrumah's appreciation. So, instead of just handing it to us once when we were at the embassy, he did make a special trip, loaded with bottles, one chilled, and laughed in telling us he was following his instructions literally.

When he was reassigned, as I recall to Italy, the diplomatic corps or people in it gave him a party. He invited us, we went, he hugged and kissed Lil when we arrived and did again as we left.

(He had raised his own family, all grown and on their own, when he and his wife started adopting orphans. Elizabeth was a beautiful little girl who loved to visit and be with the animals and chickens.)

We had become friends and we were invited to some functions at the embassy. It was originally a mansion opposite Meridian Park on NW 16th St., above Florida Avenue, just south of the top of that hill, on the west side. I remember a function that was a dance or included dancing. One of the guest was Mrs. Dean Rusk. We were introduced to her. I recall that she was dressed very plainly, *more so than any other woman.*

When Ribeiro told those to whom at various times he introduced us what we had done there was universal approval although Ghana was the one place our gift was not used to provide cheap protein for the protein-hungry people.

While the idea was liked, and it was a good idea, nothing more came of it for lack of an official interest in anything other than favorable publicity.

The Heifer Project continued to provide heifers to grow into cows to produce milk and probably there were other similar projects involving other animals, although I do

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have any recollection of this, just assume it, but I also have no knowledge of any effort to continue what I'd started, ^{GIVING} using geese and other relatively inexpensive fowl as a source of protein in poor lands.

And we continued to go to considerable trouble and expense to bring native peoples here to teach them what they would not be able to use when they returned to their own countries, for frustration.

The local, rather the Frederick papers, because we then did not live in Frederick, carried stories and pictures that attracted much attention, people remembering. When I got to be well known for my assassination work and publishing, the odd thing is that people in Frederick seeing me for the first time knew me ^{only} as the goose man, the man who had given his geese to these poorer countries.

Looking back after all these years, I am still amused by the extraordinary interest in that first shipment of those five crates of those beautiful White China geese, by all the media phone calls asking about them as they were en route, of radio stations with live broadcasts as the ~~XXXXXX~~ Meadows truck proceeded to New York, of even the New York Times' interest and calls.

For those who know nothing about geese, they are like goats among domestic animals in relishing what other species will not touch. I bought our first goat when as I was driving along a country road I saw one bite a rose bush in half and then start chewing what it had bitten off. Thinking of all the weeds and briars I had to cope with as I cleared the land for the farm we were building from scratch, from a meadow last farmed in the 19th century, I stopped immediately and asked the man with the goat- he had it on an improvised leash - if he'd sell her to me.

He told me that he was keeping this female for a neighbor who had moved and said he would return for it and never did. He figured he had \$10 tied up in her, so he said I could have her for \$10. I gave him the bill and with no difficulty at all put this goat in the front seat of the truck with me and drove back to the farm, about 8 miles, with no trouble at all. She was that docile. I did not want to tie her to the racks on the back of the truck and feared she might get frightened and try to jump off.

The man's name was Butts. So, we called the goat Buttsy. And when it seemed like fun to spoof the fancy names given to prize cattle, having decided to call the farm The Coq d'Or, for a reason I may later put on paper, we started for fun calling her Coq d'Or Buttsy's Independence. I got her as I now recall on July 4.

The spoof amused ^{my} friends and we enjoyed the fine milk she provided. Goat milk is sort-of homogenized by ~~nature~~ nature, the butterfat not separating. I soon learned that adding only KoolAid to it and putting the mixture in ice-cube trays made us quite acceptable sort-of ice cream. (We still have that refrigerator, now 40 or more years old, in the basement and it still works.)

Resumed later: Ethel (Weil?) Loeb, daughter of the man who started or owned Sulkas in New York City, with her husband Leon, were gentlemen farmers living in a very old mansion a few miles away. I used to sell Ethel's surplus eggs for her. One evening when she brought them to me she started telling me that I should have a name for the farm, that all the magazines had pictures of the farm names on mailboxes, etc., and while she was making this argument the ~~work~~ the Suite from the Coq d'Or was started on the radio.

"That's it!" Ethel exclaimed. "You have a golden bird. So it is Coq d'Or Farm!"

I've forgotten how it got started but Eisenhower, proud of his skill as an amateur cook (and from his Secret Service escort that he enjoyed making what they called "Eisenhower stew" for them) enjoyed reading Lil's recipes. Some correspondence on this. I am sure I offered him some of these ducks and he was tickled. Delivery was about the time of the GOP San Francisco convention. One of Ike's people, possibly the man who ran the White House, West, had heard from him and gave me the message that Ike would write his thanks on his return. He did.

The day I was to deliver them I was having quite a bit of trouble with my back. So, instead of our driving up to the farm, just south of Gettysburg and across from the battlefield, Lil's mother drove us in her car and I took our nephew Frankie to help me with the crate of ducks. West had been to our place several times. He told me how to find the farm entrance, to the left of US 15, and we drove into that dirt lane. Then we came to the farm gate. Security? It was wide open. We waited a while, even blew the horn, but nobody came. So, we just drove in toward the visible barn. We got about half-way there when a jeep came dashing to us. We stopped and I explained our purpose. The Secret Service had not been informed. He got in touch with West, and West came down. We drove up together and he directed Lil's mother to where she should park. West and I carried the crate to the edge of the pond, which was as I recall a little west and south of the house. As we walked West explained for me to let him lead because there were all sorts of alarms that could be activated. So we zigged and we zagged and we got to the pond and turned the ducks loose. When we did I saw a single wild goose, a Canadian, also known as a honker.

"What are you doing with one?" I asked West, that female producing no goslings without a male. He explained that the male had been stolen! Security? !! Geese are fabled as the best watchdogs and the male is so devoted to his mate he'll die to defend her. Yet with all that commotion certain to have been caused and all that security all around the place, the Canadian gander had been stolen from Ike's farm!

John Foster Dulles was a customer of ours. The came about when Mrs. Dulles was having her hair done by a hairsresser who was a customer. She saw what I was delivering and asked the hairsresser about me. Then I got a call from a Ms. Thomas, a niece who was her social secretary, with an order. Thereafter every Tuesday Ms. Thomas would call with the order I would deliver the next day. One time it was for a party for Mamie Eisenhower. She liked

what she'd eaten so much she went down to the kitchen to ask the cook what it was and where she'd gotten it. I think the cook's name was Bertha and her husband, the butler, was Albert. Perhaps Danish. Bertha told me Mrs. Dulles had ordered an aspic preparation, one that Bertha regarded as not the best. And Mamie had loved it.

(When the Dulleses were not there Albert would give me some of his favorite whiskey, a rye, Old Overholt, then a good one.)

So, I thought of this and it seemed to me unfair and unreasonable that the President did not have ready ^access to what all others did. I mentioned this the next day when I was at my feed coop and was speaking to the manager, a friend, Harold Staley. Harold suggested that I phone nearby Camp David and offer to take some. ~~He~~^{He} passed me his phone, I dialed information and asked for the Camp David phone, and was repeatedly told there was none. I could not believe it but I finally gave up and drove home with my feed.

Before long the Secret Service was looking for me. What did I want the Camp David phone for anyway?

Actually, they got me on Harold's phone, it was that fast. And I explained about Mamie's ~~like~~ liking for our birds, etc.

Then West phoned and said he'd like to stop off for some of the roasters. He did, with a carryall full of Filippino Navy men assigned to Camp David.

Next thing I knew, on a Saturday afternoon, as I was walking up to the house I saw a strange car and a well-dressed, city-dressed man. Bob Hessie, a neighbor and friend, also a carpenter, had been helping me with some carpentry. We were both covered with sawdust and had chicken manure on our shoes. I was wearing rubber boots, with the pants legs in them. It was an Agent Griffin as I recall the name of the Secret Service ^{man} and he'd been sent to investigate so we could be cleared to purvey to the White House.

We were not cleared and later, when I got copies of the records, I learned why.

In addition to how untidy we were, by city standards, I had scrubbed and disinfected poultry equipment and galvanized tubs scattered on the nearby hillside. To Griffin this was uncleanliness. In fact it is the best way of cleaning, ~~the~~^{to} give access to the sun and air. All that equipment had already been scrubbed with lye! But he thought it was ^{untidy} ~~dirty~~. And thus Ike was denied it. Dulles, too! Even though for so long he had enjoyed it. In fact, as Bertha told me, when his gout was giving him trouble our birds are what gave him least trouble. (Miss Thomas was quite apologetic. I think she wrote us a nice note.)

The Dulleses had an island in the St. Lawrence. Sometimes she went there or elsewhere alone. When she was away she left his menu for each meal for the time she'd be away. Bertha used to show it to me. And oh, yes, in that home on a steep hill on cobblestones Woodland drive they had silk upholstery. ~~and~~ The road was paved for a Churchill visit. Winnie ate our birds but not John Foster thereafter or Ike! The British embassy and others were long-time and satisfied customers. (And in all the years of our farming, even when in hottest

summer our eggs were kept in offices, chickens, too, and then sometimes carried home on busses, we never, ever had a complaint about a single bad chicken or egg!

Among the many embassies, I am reminded, was New Zealand's, next to the British. Sir Leslie ~~Knox~~ Monroe was then the ambassador. They had a fine Austrian woman, Rosie, as cook. (A Frenchman, Michel, was at the British embassy. He became a friend and used to bring his little boy up. He used out birds and eggs for the family and what he got commercially for the staff.)

One day during the Seato organizational conferences there was a change in social arrangements and when I entered the kitchen lady ~~Knox~~ Monroe was wringing her hands, what to serve at this unexpected small supper. Rosie looked at me, I nodded my head. Rosie suggested that I might have a few extra roasters, the lady was pleased, and the next week she told me how great a success her dinner was.

When ~~Knox~~ Monroe was assigned to the UN, I used to leave 5 dozen double-yolk eggs for him at the embassy, they were ^{hand-}carried up to NY by train, and she sent me the checks monthly.

I'm wandering, and how I could continue to! Much of it would be humorous and entertaining today, after all the years since, and my recollections of some remain fairly clear.

But I was sorry for Ike and Mamie.

Even Trujillo, yes, the Trujillo, was addicted to our birds!

His military attache, also his son-in-law or nephew, Colonel Samuel Fernanda (plus quite a few other names) Castillo, served them to him when he was in Washington. As he apparently was without it getting in the papers. That government owned a fine brick house Nando had the use of on Embassy Row. He later had a Woodner apartment.

Nando was a large and powerfully-built man who drank heavily. He said his father was an early Trujillo associate. He also was an excellent cook. From time to time he'd ask me for "Wa tough old hen." Once when I asked him why he wanted a tough hen he said, "'Arole," as he pronounced my name, but not as exaggeratedly as it sounds, "for everything in life there is a purpose. For some things a young woman is best," for what he had in mind, a tough old hen. He then explained that he wanted to cook it so long that were it not tough to begin with it would disintegrate in the cooking.

I suspect he had a role, along with his government, in the Guatemalan overthrow. He told me in advance that he would be in Venezuela and while he was there, it happened.

After he died I wrote his widow, Vivian, an American woman (I suppose his marriage to the dictator's daughter or niece by then had ended-she was never in Washington) and tried to learn from her. I got no answer. ...

I do not know how many law firms in D.C. worked for Trujillo but partners in two such firms were among our customers. Michael Gould, brother, it happens, of an economics professor at the University of Delaware when I went there, was one and the other was two,

Homer Stille Cummings, FDR's second appointee as attorney general (the first died on his honeymoon with a much younger wife) and his partner, Albert Reeves. The latter gave a dozen of our individual-serving bird to Trujillo one Xmas. Rather the firm did.

It was Mrs. Cummings who suggested or started us in what was a very promising part of our business. Xmas presents. This began with quite a wide variety of jellies, jams and preserves that Lil made and it soon included our poultry. (Which large corporations, like RCA, could safely give without there being any taint of corruption - and did give. Even a vice-president of NBC gave such gifts to CBS's star, Arthur Godfrey.)

Mrs. Cummings Xmas presents to us include a cut-glass salad bowl bound in silver, with silver serving spoon and fork.

The Cummingses had a very large home at the dead end of Forest Lane in the Spring Valley area just ^{South} of Mass. Ave., NW, a costly neighborhood. It had a large tract of land with it. When Nixon was Ike's vice president he bought that property. From what was known about Nixon's income there seems to be no way in which he could have bought that property. (Despite our dislike of Nixon I sent him a message through a mutual friend that the back stairs, leading down to the kitchen, winders, might be quite dangerous from the number of times Mrs. Cummings fell down them. But, then, that kind lady, much younger than her husband, drank a bit. When she did not answer the bell when I delivered I phoned the office and spoke to one secretary in particular so she could be checked on. That secretary also was a customer. This mutual friend gave the Nixons a dozen of our individual-serving birds and, he told me, he did not get even an acknowledgement. Just deserts-he supported Nixon.)

In reading and correcting this (10/21/) and coming to geese, I am reminded that when it was famous The Forum of the Twelve Caesars in New York was a customer but delivering even a station-wagon full was too much for me. Joe Baum, the manager or an owner, was always nice to me, seating me with well-known people when I was there (never any bill), and when he was told about me by the well-known food writer friend who took me to meet him he asked me immediately if I could get and raise for them Roman geese. Appropriate, of course, but they are rare and not particularly well-endowed with meat. They were fine for sounding the alarm from Cataline hill after the Goths had slipped past the watchdogs, thus saving Rome, for a time, anyway. But not for a fancy restaurant. It took me more than a year to get the eggs when I located a breeder in Candaa who had them. By that time Baum had lost his interest.

How did I get here from the Peace Corps? And how much more comes to mind!